

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Volume VII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 18, 1873.

Number 8.

Recreation Chats with the Boys.

No. 2.—DIAMOND AND GRAPHITE.

Did you ever think, my dear friends, how the diamond is formed? Yes, you know it was pure, or nearly pure, carbon crystallized. But at the same time it is only one of a family of which the pencil you write with and the coal that you burn are the most important members. Now think a moment: diamond and graphite, the same, are they not as remote from each other as the antipodes? You will say: No: different though they seem, the same chemical properties are found in each; they are the same. The one worth its millions; the other comparatively worthless, meanly serving as a lubricator of machinery, while its brother flashes from the diadem of kings. Did you never meet both diamond and graphite in society? brothers of the same family, the one bright, flashing, esteemed, sought out by thousands; the other drudging along through life, useful only as a machine for lessening the friction somewhere in the great plan of the universe? Where is the difficulty? You have seen them of course, and must have formed some theory. Fate, you say. Well to a very limited extent, I will consider the point, but in the great majority of cases the men themselves make the circumstances. A man may be content to perform menial labor all his life and drudge on from day to day simply satisfied, but think you he does it because he knows *some one must*, or because he is too indolent to attempt an advance? Let me assure you the human graphite would be a diamond at once if it required no exertion to become one. You can see the boys here on the playground who are destined to become graphites, or rather they are graphite now and will always remain so. Their minds are coarse and sordid, their sensibilities dull, and a kind of mental torpor seems to pervade their whole organization; they will leave no "footprints on the sands of time," the world will never be advanced by their having lived in it—and that has been defined as the true object of life.*

It is an important question for a student to ask himself: "Which will I be—diamond or graphite?" You would become the former: very well, you have decided nobly and you must bravely struggle on, for diamonds were not made in a day; you will meet obstacles, but they must be overcome; trials, but they must not discourage you. And again, you may lose the direction, falsely imagining that nobility of station and nobility of soul are synonymous. You cannot make a worse mistake. You permit your ambition to overrun your judgment and force you into positions you are in no way qualified to fill. You are taught, and from infancy have been made to believe, that there is no station too

* The true object of life is to know God, and to do His will on earth, that we may be happy with Him for all eternity. (See Catechism.)—ED.

high for him who dares, without a word of the physical and mental power necessary to carry you through. It is not only false, but dangerously so. There are positions in life that no amount of daring will ever lift you to: you must have talent. Some man may be just fitted for the place, but you are not, and never could become so. Don't fancy too soon that you are destined to fill one of the high positions in life and that you never will accept a lower one. You may be mistaken, and it is more than probable that you are, since we reflect that ninety-nine out of any one hundred are destined for the humble paths of life. "I will become wealthy; I will buy again the dear old home of my fathers, and I will humiliate those who are now crushing me," said Warren Hastings; and he did, lived to reign like a despot over more men than, to-day, dwell upon the whole Western Continent, and his wealth was counted by millions; but what the boy Hastings said that morning lying beneath the shadowy maples of Daylesford, many a youth has said in the midst of some intoxicating day-dream; but the attempt only brought failure and perhaps a disgraceful death. "I will rear a mighty republic here in this most beautiful land on earth," said Walker, and he left his bones to bleach upon the sands of Central America. "I," said Maximilian, in a speech at Vera Cruz, "will build again the splendid Empire of the Montezumas." The world is too familiar with the result: their aim was more noble than that of Hastings, but they lacked the ability necessary to the greatness of the undertaking. Self-chosen emperors or mere puppets in the hands of wily men. It is not indispensable that you should be wealthy to be prized. Wealth is but an auxiliary; men who died paupers have been honored and will be remembered long after the name of Rothschild shall cease to be spoken of. Enduring fame. The power tried and proven in the crucible of time, must be reared by both brain and head for the advancement and prosperity of the world, and the grand *insignia* of that power is the reverence with which our names will be handled by the generations of the future who cannot judge of us in the charmed halo of our living presence.

T. A. D.

St. Edward's Day.

—"Placens Deo factus est dilectus."

Such is the appropriate motto inscribed on the programmes both of Notre Dame and St. Mary's Academy for the annual celebration of this time-honored festival, and may we ever seek our needful recreation in the manner most pleasing to our Creator and useful to ourselves. The intervention of Sunday between the eve and the feast, made a sort of *triduum* of St. Edward's Day this year, during which hilarity and her sister graces reigned. On the eve—Saturday, October 11th—at 7 o'clock P. M., a large assemblage had collected in Washington Hall to witness

the preliminary exercises, which, on the arrival of Very Rev. Father Sorin, were inaugurated by music from the excellent Cornet Band, under the direction of Mr. Gillespie. Considering the very short time they have had for preparation, the performance of these gentlemen is creditable alike to themselves and their leader; although, we must say, the name of their opening piece was somewhat unfortunate, as you can hardly help agreeing that to invite an audience to "Get up and Get" before they are fairly settled in their seats is rather eccentric, to say the least. The Greek and Latin addresses which followed, and which were read by Messrs. Dodge and White, were, no doubt, very fine specimens of classical composition and interesting to those familiar with the learned languages, but we liked the German, Best, and who could avoid being delighted in seeing the Spanish element for the first time coming forward, in A. Horne? The piano music, by Carl Otto, was such as to cause us to congratulate ourselves on having him amongst us, where, we hope, he will long remain. The triumvirate who then advanced to do justice to the French language reminded us somewhat of other triumvirates recorded in history—Mr. Kreichgauer embodying Augustus, and Mr. Gamache, Anthony, although we should be sorry to compare Mr. Villeneuve to Lepidus—or let us say he was what the adjective expresses, and not the noun proper. More music by the Band, and then the "Plot of Potzentaused" was ventilated. The Thespians made the best of a poor play. We should like to have seen more of Charlie Berdel. He turned the "Grindstone" into as interesting a part as it was capable of becoming, but there is very little of it, and what little there is "don't worth much." Mr. Walker filled "Sacks" with humor and excellent tact; and the four harmless young men were well represented by Messrs. Dodge, Dailey, Maloney and Clarke. Mr. Clarke was particularly natural. He acted just as we should ourself if caught in a cupboard hooking preserves or anything. Mr. Dailey was perhaps a little too tragic. He has evidently courted Melpomene hitherto rather than Thalia. Mr. McLaughlin's appearance as the "Chevalier d'Espion" was considered by an esteemed friend of ours as the best feature in the whole performance. There is a quiet dignity about Mr. McLaughlin that adds a charm to all that he undertakes. Mr. L. Hayes was an efficient officer, and the excellent manner in which all took their parts contributed much to redeem the inherent insignificance of the drama itself. Whoever wrote the "Plot of Potzentaused" ought to write one more play and then—but we digress.

The Minims were cheered, of course, by their big brothers; and so was our Junior, Master Ewing, whose address was adorned with a profusion of figures and tropes, and partook of so florid a general character, that if one sifted the matter to the bottom, or rather to the keel, he could not help being reminded of a certain post-graduate, who, we are happy to see, has lately returned to sojourn again amongst us. Mr. Clarke's address in blank verse was elevated in tone and feeling, and altogether worthy of the Senior Department, both as to its composition and delivery. A little more music from our fair-haired pianist, and that prosaic body, the College Faculty, sprang into sudden life and animation in the person of Prof. W. J. Ivers, A. M., who dazzled the audience for awhile with the brilliancy of his ideas and the rotundity of his periods. Then commenced the best part of the even-

ing's performance—the play entitled "D'ye Know Me Now?" by the Thespians. The only fault we have to find with this play is that it enabled so few of our dramatic friends to put in an appearance. Those who did appear however, gave evidence of the talent existing in their Society. Mr. W. W. Dodge was miserable as "Nogo Dumps," which does not sound complimentary, but is so nevertheless. The natural manner in which he drank the brandy and water provoked our envy as well as admiration. Mr. D. E. Maloney realized all that we ever pictured to ourselves of the *beau idéal* of a bigman. In our humble opinion, he was the best performer on the boards that evening. Mr. Staley did well as "Sniggins," and Mr. Walker, as "Samuel Waitwell," surpassed his former performance in "Sacks," and elicited frequent and well-deserved plaudits. The play over, Very Rev. Father General arose to make the closing remarks and respond to the sentiments of congratulation embodied in the various addresses during the course of the evening. This, it is needless to say, he did with his usual manly grace, attributing the prosperity that has crowned his efforts mainly to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. He said that he and his fellow-laborers, like the knights of the age of chivalry, devoted their enterprises to the honor of the lady of their choice, but this lady was no earthly princess—it was she whose statue appeared on the summit of the College dome, not as a mere ornament, but as a significant intimation of celestial favor.

The hour was yet early when the gratified audience retired, to the music of the "Redstocking Quickstep."

Monday's celebration began, as was fitting, with Solemn High Mass, at which Very Rev. Father Sorin officiated assisted by Very Rev. Father Granger as deacon, and Rev. Father Lemonnier as subdeacon. After the Gospel, the Very Rev. Celebrant again took occasion to refer to the practice of keeping birthday festivities, which, he observed, was signalized in heathen times by the perpetration of revolting crimes and cruelties, giving the decapitation of St. John the Baptist at the banquet of Herod as an example. In Christian times we no longer keep our birthdays, but rather the festival of the saint whose name we bear, and to whom we refer all the honors of the occasion. He accepted the homage offered to him, not as feeling himself personally deserving of it (for he acknowledged that the painful sense which he had of his own unworthiness always became more keen on these occasions), but because he was the representative of a principle—the important principle of authority, whose influence was too little felt in this land and century. He thanked them again for the evident good will manifested towards him, and expressed the pleasure he felt in the present celebration of his anniversary under so many gratifying circumstances, of which the increased number of students and the ever-increasing prosperity of the University is one.

After Mass the Boat Club went down to the lake to prepare for the Regatta, which gay and festive scene took place at 10 P. M. The Band was in attendance, and a soul-stirring air gave additional spirit to the competitors in the race. The crew of the Pinta claimed the victory, but it was abundantly evident to all observers that on this occasion "the race was not to the swift." A grand procession and serenade followed. The assemblage of four hundred cheering students in front of the College was an enlivening sight indeed.

As to the field sports which are said to have taken place after dinner we were not an eye-witness. We understand that there has been some falling off on this count among us of late years. Lubricious pigs no longer slip through the fingers of eager captivators, and obfuscated wheelbarrows have ceased to plough their devious track through the ranks of the cachinnating. That elevating exercise "grinning through a horse-collar," which once brought down—not the house, but the platform on which the high court of Judicature was in session, has renounced its attractions. The Minims, however, are said to have had bag-races, and some of their elder brothers nearly broke their necks running for gold pens, prayer-books, and other stimulants to exertion provided by Bros. Norbert and Ildephonsus.

The exercises at St. Mary's Academy took place at four o'clock on Monday evening, and were chiefly admired for the vocal proficiency of the young ladies, which is the more appreciated owing to the entire absence of similar talent at the College at present. The near neighborhood of Singer's Factory might suggest the probability of finding vocalists at the College, but the soul-harrowing strains which now emanate from behind our altar show that even the energy and zeal of the Rev. Director of our choir can be thwarted by the lack of raw material. Musicians indeed we have among us, and we could mention one who snores *maestoso* in B flat, coughs *allegro con moto* in G, blows his nose *pizzicato* in E, sneezes *sforzando* in C sharp, and picks his teeth *un poco piu piano* in A Minor, besides executing divers other feats of sonorosity too complicated to be done justice to in a cursory notice such as this. But when we want to hear a little singing, we sigh and think of the West.

But to return to St. Mary's: the programme which we publish below was admirably executed, and the grand cantata and tableau of "Miriam's Song of Triumph" was performed in such a manner as to elicit special praise from the Very Rev. Guest of the evening. The decorations of the hall should not be passed over unnoticed. We had heard of the "kindling of the leaf" but we had no idea before that such rich and varied ornamentation could be formed of the many-hued leaves of autumn—more gorgeous than the flowers of Spring, if not as delicate.

Mrs. Jolly's Exhibition of "me and my waxworks" was to many of the audience the most entertaining part of the performance. The memory of little Miss Quan, who figures as the exhibitrix of the waxworks is less astonishing than the way in which she entered into the character—her evidently sincere appreciation of the value of her works of art—her conscientious determination to make Imperial Juno "step around" in order to punish the overweening pride of that divinity,—her considerate kindness in providing physical exercise for Minerva, to relieve the consequences of an over-heated brain—and her distress at the utterly unprecedented conduct of her waxworks, who prove the truth of the old proverb "when the cat's away the mice will play," getting up a dance during an interval of somnolence on her part—all were alike remarkable proofs of talent in one so young, and were the source of unfeigned gratification to all who had the pleasure of witnessing the performance.

The closing remarks were by Very Rev. Father Sorin, Rev. Father Cooney and Prof. Ivers, after which the guests retired to the spacious halls of St. Mary's Academy, and partook of an excellent supper which the kind ladies of the establishment had provided.

Long may St. Edward's Day be celebrated beneath these classic shades. Long may the golden foliage of our Indian Summer gleaming against the crystalline blue of the dreamy sky symbolize the glories that are ripening around the honored brows of one whom we reverence as the Founder of our University.

P. Q.

Junior Field Sports on St. Edward's Day.

MR. EDITOR:—Deeming that some mention of the foregoing would not be out of place in THE SCHOLASTIC, I am sure a record of them this year will be gratifying to the many who witnessed or participated in them. Time out of mind it has been the custom to honor this day at Notre Dame and make it memorable in various ways, not the least interesting of which are the field-sports that afford so much enjoyment to everyone within the College precincts. Who does not remember the hearty peals of laughter and the excitement created on witnessing the efforts made in former years to secure the prizes held out to the young College athletes in the various sports gotten up especially for St. Edward's Day? Nor has 1873 fallen behind its predecessors in this respect. Bro. Marcellinus, the worthy and indefatigable Prefect-in-chief of the Junior Department, aided by Bro. Paul and Bro. Leander, had had, it would seem, plans for the day well arranged, and some fine prizes on hand for those who could be able to secure them by various grades of excellence in the fieldsports. These sports commenced in the afternoon the programme was pretty much as follows:

1st. A game of base-ball between the Excelsiors and Mutuals, for a ball and two splendid bats, presented by Bro. Paul, which the Mutuals gained by a score of one.

2d. A general game of foot-ball—the two contesting parties headed by Masters Frank Egan and J. O'Connor. Bro. Paul having previously exhorted them in a general way to maintain their respective sides creditably, they responded with loud cheers. Master O'Connor's side had the choice of ground, and after a spirited contest of half an hour came out victorious in the first match; in the second, sides were changed, and Master Egan and his party ousted the victors and regained their laurels and the prize in turn. At the close of the game three barrels of apples were distributed among the contestants by Bros. Marcellinus, Paul, and Leander.

Next in order came the foot-races, in which Master J. O'Connor came out winner in the first, Master C. Burger in the second, Master M. Kinsella in the third, and George J. Gross in the fourth.

Fourth in order came the mirth-provoking bag races, in which Master J. O'Connor won the first prize and W. Ohlen the second.

A jumping-match followed, in which Master W. Wilson won the prize.

A number of prizes still remained to be contended for but owing to the lateness of the hour the games were postponed till Wednesday.

SPECTATOR.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, for October, is up to its usual standard. Besides the amount of stories and general reading, it contains a pretty engraving of the chromo Josemite, which the publisher gives as a premium. Price of Magazine, one Dollar a year; with chromo, \$1.50. Address Wood's Household Magazine, Newburgh, N. Y.

The Scholastic.

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TERMS:

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EVERY Wednesday so far has been a splendid recreation-day.

OUR correspondence from Cincinnati came too late for publication this week.

WE are happy to state that Mr. Francis C. Bigelow, a graduate of Notre Dame, and now a member of the Congregation of Holy Cross, is to be ordained subdeacon on the 18th inst., and will be raised to the priesthood on the 28th.

WE regret we were not at home when Father O'Reilly, of Valparaiso, visited the College, on Thursday. Now that there is a direct R. R. route between South Bend and Valparaiso, we hope to see Father O'Reilly often.

THE SCHOLASTIC may be had at the Students' Office. It is neither for sale nor to give away at the Printing Office, wherefore no one need apply for it at the Printing Office—but on the contrary, quite the reverse.

CROWDED OUT.—The Roll of Honor, Report of the first meeting of S. C. P. Standard, Aquatic, The Columbians, Championship B. B. Games, The Exhibition by Florian O'Day, and several other articles.

WE were delighted to receive a short letter from Bro. John Chrysostom, who has charge of St. Mary's College, Galveston, Texas, from which we learn that he is flourishing and the College too. It gives us just our full measure of pleasure to learn that there is no yellow fever in Galveston, and that we may be morally sure not only that Bro. John will not become the victim of yellow Jack, but that when vacation again comes around we shall have him back here with considerable more of avoirdupois than when he left us. The weather is mild and delightful in Texas,—yes, "mild and delightful," just think of it! and what is more, it will remain so, and not go by fits and starts as it does up here.

The Arithmetic Classes had a competition, the prize being a three-dollar base-ball and bat. Thomas Drynan came out first, and John Byrne second.

Many distinguished visitors were present on the occasion among whom were Father Jerault, Prof. Goldthorn, Prof. Burke and Capt. Drynan.

We hope to hear from Galveston soon and often.

THAT evangelical Alliance meeting turned out to be, as we supposed it would, a grand attack on Romanism. What would those truly good men do without the Pope? They have given up all "creed," even "total depravity," so as not to have any bickering among themselves, and have set to work in good brotherly style to demolish Romanism. But they oughtn't to do away with the Pope too suddenly. They have never done anything but pull down—they don't know how to build up, and if they have not the Pope to pull at, they will "go for" one another.

The great fact that has been established by the Evangel-

icals putting their heads together in New York, and junketing and hobnobbing in Washington, is that the Pope is not only the centre of Catholic unity, but also the centre of Protestant attempt at unity—for if it were not for him they would be tearing around at each other like Kilkenny cats, and soon nothing would be left but their tales of woe.

You must stick to the Pope, gentlemen, if you wish to have unity. The experience of Christians for eighteen hundred years has proved it, and now you corroborate it.

A Few Remarks.

"Pauca verba."—SHAKESPEARE.

The congratulatory addresses of the faculty and students to Very Rev. Father General, last Saturday evening, were, to a disinterested individual like ourself, in every respect fitted for the occasion, and showed good judgment on the part of the one who had the general supervision of the whole affair. This, by the way, is a matter that is too frequently overlooked by those who are present at college exhibitions, where they are entertained with literary, dramatic and musical displays of the students. Of course the chief attention is given to the students. And it is eminently just that such should be the case: for they are the ones who write the addresses—at least that is our experience in years gone by, in regard to addresses and speeches from the Senior Department,—they are the ones who study the parts in a play, and study them so well as to give both indications of their dramatic talent and great pleasure to the lookers-on. But it too frequently happens that we entirely overlook the one who has the management and arranging of the whole affair, who has to set a measure to the superabundant matter, and place order among the numerous students who take part; approving this address, curtailing that, entirely rejecting another; giving proper parts to this one and to that, assigning the right men to the right place—putting them where they will do the most good—and thus, by making application of the Darwinian theory of selections organizing a pleasing entertainment of a few hours from material that, if not judiciously culled, would stretch out the evening exercises to an interminable length, and send us away weary, drowsy, and out of humor with the mixture of good, bad and indifferent we have witnessed, instead of letting us off easy to bed at an early hour, perfectly well satisfied with the *soirée* and contented with ourselves. It is a thankless task, as a general rule, that of directing public exercises in a college. The spectators usually know nothing of the director's trouble and labor, and the young men engaged in the exhibition are so much taken up with their individual parts, and have naturally such a good opinion of their ability, that they give no thought to the hard-working director, unless it be to find fault with him for not giving them parts more suitable to their pre-eminent talents. With very few exceptions, they are too selfishly thinking of their own merit, too egotistical, or merely too thoughtless, to have any feeling of gratitude to him for his exertions in their behalf. But should the exhibition drag,—if anything goes wrong, if there is a 'hitch' somewhere, if the curtain does not rise in time, if the addresses and speeches are too long, or too prosy, if the play doesn't please, if the parts are not well known, then indeed is the director remembered, and hot and heavy are the denunciations that fall on his devoted head.

Well, we admit that it is reasonable he should bear the

blame when blame is to be found; but on the same principle he should be praised—at least not entirely overlooked, and completely left out of the programme, when everything goes off well.

Having relieved ourselves by this apology for directors in general of college exhibitions, we resume our remarks on Saturday evening's entertainment.

The addresses appeared to us to be as they should be, brief, and not filled with bald flattery, but replete with manly, filial sentiments, simply and touchingly expressed. The reading of the addresses, with a few exceptions—to be precise, we state that we could take exception to only two—reflected much credit upon the students who read them. For fear that any one may suppose that we had some other reason than we have for taking exception to the manner two addresses were read, we will give our reason. Well talk right out in meetin'. Premising that we are not finding fault with the readers as this may have been the first time they appeared before such a critical audience, we must make our declaration that it is an imposition upon us, the audience, sitting upon hard chairs and benches without cushions, to bring before us a handsome, intelligent-looking young gentleman who shall read us an address, with his chin upon his breast and his eyes fixed upon the manuscript which he holds in his hands on a level with the lowermost button of his vest. We know full well that it is nervousness that does it; that perhaps we would do as bad, perhaps worse, were we in his place—for we are by nature timid and bashful. Yet we were not in his place, and, more, we wouldn't be in his place. But that is not the question: we have a right to be entertained when we go to an Entertainment; and it is discouraging to our good-humor to be disappointed.

Prof. Ivrs represented the Faculty. If we would allow ourselves to make any remarks on his speech we would say that for earnestness of manner, delicacy of sentiment, elegance of diction, heartiness of congratulation and grace of delivery, it would be difficult to surpass it. But we refrain.

In regard to the two plays, we leave it to others to comment thereon. We wouldn't say a word of disparagement of the young men who took part in them. A more agreeable set of fine-looking youths, who displayed a richness of talent that delighted us, we never saw on the stage of Washington Hall,—and we have been the pleased but critical witness of many Exhibitions. As to the plays themselves, they were of the kind that we particularly delight in, at anyrate when played by students or other amateurs. We do not like tragedy in college exhibitions for two reasons. The first is that even the best of amateurs are failures, and if we wish to have our feelings harrowed up and enjoy the luxury of feeling miserable for an hour or so, we prefer to have Mr. Booth do it for us. The second reason is that we would rather laugh than to cry; and as we have enough to grumble and moan over between times, we enjoy a comedy at an Exhibition, and this for two reasons: viz., first, it makes us laugh and puts us in good humor for at least twenty-four hours after it; and secondly, in the second place, the acting is much more natural. The plays, then, were of the kind we like; with the young men we were delighted—as, no doubt, were all the spectators—and yet we were not happy, and for two reasons, to wit:

Taking into consideration the occasion, on the one hand, and the plays on the other, there was a lack of congruity. The intention was good,—to afford a pleasant evening to

Very Rev. Father General. And moreover, it was a success: as he was evidently much pleased, and expressed himself to that effect. But still, the plays, with the accessories of costume and stage furniture required by them, did not harmonize with the occasion. In a word, we would like to see on the Festival of St. Edward, everything elegant. Secondly, (for the third time,) we must confess that we were disappointed, and must beg to differ *toto celo*, as far the plays are concerned, with Very Rev. Father General, who in his closing remarks intimated that this celebration was a great improvement on the St. Edward's celebrations of bygone years. If we remember rightly, he said that it was the best, or the finest celebration he had ever witnessed. He was speaking of the entire evening, and certainly it was an agreeable, short entertainment—the shortness was the one quality that rendered everything else agreeable. One would tire listening over two hours to Booth or Nilsson, especially if seated on hard bottomed chair. But there was not the advance in dramatic art that might be supposed from such a remark, made by so competent an authority. In regard to the actors: though they acted well, they were not all 'up in their parts.' This may be accounted for, no doubt by hurry of preparation, the festival coming so early in the year. In regard to the plays, we think—we know—there is talent enough at Notre Dame to provide original plays and to relieve us from the necessity of falling back for our comedies on the *repertoires* of the theatres; and we think it high time to do away with plays altogether at public celebrations or else to have plays written expressly for our little stage. That would be a real improvement. A little outlay of twenty or fifty dollars would insure a play appropriate to our stage, both as to sentiment and character—and if the expense were considered an obstacle, it might be covered by publishing the plays. They would find buyers plenty, if worth anything; other colleges are in the same strait that we are.

As to the Band—our well known predilection for bands makes us rather more timid than we usually are, in making remarks upon it: of course we liked it. But as we are slashing around promiscuously, 'so to say,' we would remark that the kettle-drum should come out a little stronger. People on that side of the house, who like the kettle-drum and don't care much for the brass instruments, are occasionally annoyed and distracted in mind by catching now and then a stray note from the horns. We make this remark in the interest of those who fancy kettle-drums. For ourselves, individually, we like to hear the brass instruments too. But, slashing aside, the Band is a credit to the College, to the leader, and to themselves. We hope it will increase in number.

As we missed the ever-welcome Orchestra Saturday evening, we shan't fire at it now. (*Vide SCHOL.*, No. 8.)

We have made all the ill-natured remarks we can think of at present, and at the same time, disclosed some valuable suggestions that we did not care to keep longer locked up in our own breast. Having cast our bread upon the water, we shall quietly lie by until the St. Cecilians give us the fruit of their present quiet toil, hoping our bread may return to us in sweet cakes of consolation produced by the profit they shall have gained from our remarks. And we anxiously await some big loaves from the Thespians, who have too much talent among them to fear a friendly criticism and too much pluck to be afraid of a little plucking.

Arrivals.

Jules Borie,	Copper Harbor, Michigan.
Philip Kelly,	Portsmouth, Ohio.
Oliver Gove,	Denver, Colorado.
E. Gribbling,	Lafayette, Indiana.
George F. Strong,	Marshall, Michigan.
Michael Spillard,	Elgin, Illinois.
Eugene Gramling,	Indianapolis, Indiana.
Daniel Kelly,	Chicago, Illinois.
Edward Koehler,	Chicago, Illinois.
Robert F. Bull,	Louisville, Kentucky.
C. Columbus Campau,	Detroit, Michigan.
Francis X. Campau,	Detroit, Michigan.
Joseph Campbell,	Lacon, Illinois.

Entered to date, 386.

BULLETINS will be sent home this week.

THE DRAWING CLASS is very largely attended.

WE must decidedly have the names of the visitors kept on a register in the parlor, and our obliging porter will be kind enough to attend to it.

WE hope to see the streets leading to South Bend graded before the winter sets in. It would show a vast amount of indolence on the part of the people living on those streets if they let the opportunity slide.

THE ORCHESTRA was reorganized last Sunday evening, with a full force of members new and old. Bro. Basil was appointed its Director. As soon as the organization is entirely completed we will give the names of the performers.

WE ought to have heard from some competent botanist of the success in the past and prospects in the future of the Botanical Garden of Notre Dame. The season is nearly over, the flowers blighted by the last frost, and still not a word has been said of this institution.

WE hear frequently of hotels changing landlords in South Bend, but we never hear of something which would reflect much more credit on our very enterprising city and cheer the hearts of those who visit it,—we mean a new hotel. A city of the size of South Bend ought to offer better accommodations to travellers. We very frequently hear the complaints of visitors in this regard. Well, of course, Rome was not built in a day, and at the rate at which South Bend is building up, THE HOTEL will soon put in an appearance.

A teacher of vocal music—so long desired and so often expected—will soon take charge of the vocal music department here. Two or three competent vocalists have offered their services, and the best will be secured. We hope that our students will join the new Class in large numbers. There is no art more popular than that of music, vocal music especially. No education can be complete without a fair knowledge of this art, which is so much cultivated and so highly appreciated in our age. The Vocal Class of Notre Dame was very numerous formerly, under the directorship of our much-regretted *maestro*, Prof. Max Girac, LL.D., and subsequently under that of Prof. M. T. Corby, A.M. The halls of Notre Dame were alive with music, and our Exhibitions and musical *soirées* had their programme enriched with a host of solos, duets and choruses. Then it was that we took a lively interest in music and musicians; they deserved it. Their leaders were men of energy, who, with little, created wonders, established something worth speaking of and admiring. We trust that the

students of Notre Dame who have souls for the art, divine will rally and not let the old Philharmonics point to them with scorn.

All Around.

BAD weather for ducks.

WHERE is the much talked-of Senior Excelsior Base-Ball nine.

OUR old friend and former student P. J. O'Connell, B.S., was with us for a few days. He is looking very well.

THERE have been several additions made to the gymnasium in the way of swings.

THE BOAT RACE on the thirteenth was quite an interesting affair. It drew large crowds to the lake.

WE had the pleasure of witnessing a splendid game of foot-ball the other day between twelve Seniors and thirty Juniors. The little fellows were victorious.

WE called on Bro. Peter the other day and found him busily engaged in drawing a new view of the College and surroundings. It is to be a fine drawing when completed.

STEAM PIPES are being put in the Junior play-hall. This is an improvement on the grim old stove that used to stand in the centre of the hall.

St. EDWARD'S DAY passed off very pleasantly. Washington Hall was well crowded on the night of the Entertainment. Among the audience we noticed many old-friends of Notre Dame.

A NEW round table has been placed in the Senior Refectory. It is a square round table, hence the occupants are Knights of the Square Table, and it may be here added that off this table they eat many a square meal.

THE games for base-ball championship were finished on Wednesday last; the Star of the East are champions now. The games with the Excelsior will commence soon.

WHO was that individual so misanthropical as to say that "juvenile efforts at the clarinet" sound like an alarm from the batrokophic fire-alarm arrangement? This is truly unkind.

A friendly game of base-ball was played on Sunday the 5th inst., between the Excelsior and Juanita Clubs, on the grounds of the former, which resulted 12 to 15 in favor of the Juanitas.

THE BOAT CLUB is the wealthiest organization at the College, the Thespians the jolliest, the Band the most sonorous, the Archconfraternity the most serious, the Philodemics the most sedate, the St. Ed's the most mythical.

THE playgrounds presented a very lively appearance on Monday afternoon. The field-sports commenced at two o'clock they consisted of two games of Base-Ball, foot-racing, sack-racing, jumping, etc. There were some very fine prizes awarded.

FOR fear that suspense might have the same effect on the inquiring individual as music had on the cabbage, we will not keep him waiting for an answer to his question. The Local has taken no stock in the batrokophic fire-alarm arrangement; but, however, he has suggested a method to keep up the arrangement even after ponds are frozen over. It is by substituting a sufficient number (two, for instance) of juvenile players on reed instruments. If this won't beat the batrokophic arrangement it is strange.

Lightning.

MR. EDITOR: A trifle more than fourteen years has passed away since first I found myself within the precincts of Notre Dame; and to-night, as I sit in my comfortable room, listening to the music of the steam-pipes, which fill the place of the old box-stoves of other days, memory leaps back over the ever widening chasm and brings the past into close conjunction with the present. What a contrast! Did not the faithful "recorder of past experiences" place the fact beyond doubt, I could scarcely believe that such a change were possible.

Yes, not only has steam replaced the old-fashioned stove, and the bright shining lamp taken the place of the tallow candle, but the very lightning has been drafted into service, and the click of the "key and sounder" in Room No. 13, every evening, assures us that Notre Dame is up to the time, and determined to be second to none in the facilities which it affords the young aspirant after knowledge to attain his object in any department he may select.

We postponed speaking of this new feature, lately introduced, because we feared it might possibly prove a mere experiment; but now that fear has vanished, for we find that under the efficient management of Mr. W. Gavitt, the Class of Telegraphy is a success, and the permanency of this beautiful and useful branch of study is secured. The class is quite largely attended, and every day shows a new degree of progress. From present appearances it does not seem rash to expect that at the close of the present session the majority, at least, of the class will be competent to take charge of offices should they be inclined to do so.

We are assured, on the best authority, that the President intends issuing regular certificates to such members of this Class as shall have attained to a proficiency necessary to send and receive messages with that degree of rapidity usually required in regular operators.

Success to the new class—we hope to see its number increased from twenty to a hundred before the opening of the next session, and all its members advance to the end as rapidly as they have thus far done.

St. Aloysius Philodemic Society.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC—Through the courtesy you so kindly extend to your patrons, we take occasion to state to those who are interested in the prosperity of the St. Aloysius Philodemic Society that it continues in a flourishing condition. The first meeting of the Society, this session, was held on the 16th ultimo. It had in attendance thirteen members, among whom were some who had absented themselves for a number of years. This number has since been increased to seventeen. On motion Mr. O'Meara was called to the chair, and Mr. McSweeney elected Secretary for the evening. Before taking his seat, the chairman spoke of the benefits to be derived from a literary organization of any kind, but more especially from a debating society. The whole subject was treated by him in a masterly manner. He stated that the object of the meeting was to ascertain the reason why the society library was taken by the College authorities, and concluded his remarks by inviting an expression of views on this point. Some of the members became heated in the discussion that followed, but it was concluded by an expression of confidence in the honor of the College authorities, and, on motion, a committee was appointed to

wait on them for an explanation. The officers chosen for the Society during the present school-session are as follows:

Director—Rev. J. C. Carrier, C.S.C.

President—Mr. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C.

Vice-President—Edward McSweeney.

Recording Secretary—J. H. Ward.

Treasurer—P. O'Meara.

First Censor—H. L. Dehner.

Second Censor—T. I. Gillen.

Corresponding Secretary—B. J. McGinnis.

The members believing in the motto "where there's a will there's a way," have determined to make the Society an unprecedented success.

The Junior Orchestra.

The members of the Junior Orchestra assembled on Wednesday, Oct. 1st, for the purpose of reorganization. The following were the officers elected:

General Director—Bro. Marcellinus.

Musical Director—Bro. Leopold.

President—C. Burger.

Vice-President—F. Miller.

Secretary—J. F. O'Connell.

Treasurer—C. E. Freese.

Censor—W. Chapoton.

First Violin—Masters C. Burger, J. McHugh, F. Miller.

Second Violin—Masters J. Lynch, C. Freese, W. Chapoton.

J. O'Connell. Clarinet—C. Furer. *Violocello*—D. O'Connell.

Contra Bass—C. Otto. *Piccolo*—W. Ohlen. *Cor-*

net—J. Quinn. *Trombone*—F. Smyth.

J. F. O'CONNELL, *Secretary.*

Obituary.

The sad news of the sudden death of James M. Bigelow, and old student of Notre Dame, will be a subject of sorrow to the many friends who, both at College and at home, he attached to himself by his amiable qualities. We who knew him intimately can partially realize how keenly his loss is felt by his parents, and we sincerely sympathize with them in their grief.

Mr. Bigelow was returning home from the city of Detroit, walking on the track of the Grand Trunk Railway, which, near the city, runs parallel and very close to the Bay City railroad track. It is supposed that hearing the train behind him he thought it was on the Grand Trunk track, and stepped off close to the Bay City railroad track, and the train coming on the latter struck him, inflicting a wound on the back of his head which most probably caused instant death. He was not discovered until several hours after he was killed. The funeral was on Wednesday; the Mass of *requiem* being sung in St. Patrick's Church. Among the pall-bearers were Arthur and George Riopelle.

Mr. Bigelow always held his professors and old companions at college in affectionate memory, especially Bro. Basil and others with whom he was associated in music, for which he had a great liking and extraordinary talent. We have frequently heard him speak with great enthusiasm of Bro. Basil, whom he justly considered a most accomplished musician. He was endowed with excellent qualities that made him a favorite with all who knew him. For several years he was prevented by the weakness of his sight from engaging in business for which he was eminently suited; and he remained at home with his parents long past the time the greater part of young men leave home and, too often, become strangers to it. This, while being a cause of happiness to his parents during his life, makes his loss more keenly felt by them. May he rest in peace.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, August 3, 1873, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2 28	A. M. (No. 8). Night Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 9 05; Cleveland, 1.10 P. M.; Buffalo, 7.05 P. M.
10.27	A. M. (No. 2). Mail, over Main and A. & R. Lines; Arrives at Elkhart, 11.05; Toledo, 5 05 P. M.
12.25	P. M. (No. 4). Special New York Express, over Air Line; Arrives at Toledo, 5 40; Cleveland, 10.00 P. M.; Buffalo 4 05 A. M.
8.02	P. M. (No. 10). Accommodation. Runs only to Elkhart, arriving at 8 45 P. M.
9.12	P. M. (No. 6). Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.40; Cleveland, 7 05; Buffalo, 1.10 P. M.
4.16	P. M. (No. 50). Local Freight.

GOING WEST.

2.49	A. M. (No. 3). Express. Arrives at Laporte, 3 50; Chicago 6.50 A. M.
5 06	A. M. (No. 5). Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 6; Chicago, 8 20 A. M.
6.42	A. M. (No. 9). Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 7.40; Salem Crossing, 8.07; Grand Crossing, 9.37; Chicago 10.15.
5.00	P. M. (No. 1). Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.55; Chicago, 8.20 P. M.
3.19	P. M. (No. 15). Express Accommodation, Main Line. Arrives at Laporte, 4 20; Chicago, 7.15 P. M.
9.10	A. M. (No. 51). Local Freight.

NOTE. Conductors are positively forbidden to carry passengers upon Through Freight Trains.

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C. M. BROOKE, Ticket Agent, South Bend.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Sup't.

Passengers going to local points West, should take Nos. 7, 9 and 15; East, Nos. 2, 10 and 16. Passengers taking No. 2 for Air Line points change cars at Elkhart without delay. Warsaw Express (connecting with No. 4) leaves Elkhart at 1.40 P. M., running through to Wabash. Grand Rapids Express leaves Elkhart at 5 A. M., and 4 05 P. M., running through to Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids. Passengers for Detroit must take Nos. 2, 8 or 16, as through tickets are not good via Air Line, -2 and 8 carry through coaches. Through Tickets to all competing points in every direction. Local Tickets, Insurance Tickets, R. R. Guides, etc., will be furnished upon application to the Ticket Agent, or R. M. BETTS, Ticket Clerk, at the Depot, at the head of Lafayette and Frank Streets, South Bend. No trouble to answer questions. C. M. BROOKE, Ticket Agent.

LOUISVILLE, N. ALBANY & CHICAGO R.R.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 12, 1873, trains pass New Albany and Salem Crossing, as follows:

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
Pass.	7 20 P. M.	Pass	8 23 P. M.
Freight	2.48 A. M.	Freight	10 47 A. M.
Freight	8 57 P. M.	Freight	4.45 A. M.
Pass	9.24 A. M.	Pass	11 23 A. M.

H. N. CANIFF, Agent.

CHICAGO ALTON AND ST. LOUIS LINE

TRAINS leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
St. Louis and Springfield Express, via Main Line	*9:15 a.m.	*8:00 p.m.
Kansas City Fast Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*9:15 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
Wenona, Lacon and Washington Express (Western Division)	*9:15 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
Joliet Accommodation,	*4:10 p.m.	*9:40 a.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Night Express, via Main Line.	*6:30 p.m.	*4:30 p.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Lightning Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division	*9:00 p.m.	*7:15 a.m.
Kansas City Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*9:00 p.m.	*7:15 a.m.

* Except Sunday. † On Sunday runs to Springfield only. ‡ Except Saturday. § Daily. & Except Monday.
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"	4.50 p.m.
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"	10.15 a.m.
"	5.30 p.m.

GOING NORTH.	
Leave South Bend,	8.40 a.m.
"	11.45 a.m.
"	6.30 p.m.
Arrive Niles,	9.20 a.m.
"	12 25 p.m.
"	7.10 p.m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.	
Arrive South Bend,	9.30 a.m.
"	5.30 p.m.
Leave South Bend,	10.00 a.m.
"	6.30 p.m.

G, Agent. South Bend.